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doats upon my daughter! She may do any thing she likes—but still it's a marriage I never can be pleased with; for, after all, he is come of nobody! Whoever heard of a Duke Mackalloss!"—*E. Hamilton's Letters to the Daughter of a Nobleman.*

PERSISTING IN ERROR USED AS A SUBTERFUGE TO COVER IGNORANCE.

About a century ago, when asparagus was first introduced into Ireland at tables, a bishop on meeting with it, by mistake used the white part of the stalk instead of

the green top. The mistake was always afterwards persisted in, and the bishop declared, he ate that part from choice, in preference to the part usually eaten. How often do we perceive in matters of more moment, that an error first adopted through ignorance, is continued through obstinacy, and a reluctance to acknowledge having been in mistake. On many occasions, we see a disposition similar to that evinced by the bishop in eating the white stalk of the asparagus. K

POETRY.

1802.

GLENDALLOCH*.

BY DR. DRENNAN.

TH' enchantment of the place has bound
All nature in a sleep profound,

* GLENDALLOCH, or Glyn of the Double Lake, is situated in Wicklow, a county which presents an abridgement of all that is pleasing in nature. This particular Glyn is surrounded on all sides, except to the east, by stupendous mountains, whose vast perpendicular height throws a gloom on the vale below, well suited to inspire religious dread and horror. It has, therefore, been from the most distant times, haunted with those spectres of illusive fancy, which delight to hover in the gloom of ignorance and superstition. It is said to have been an asylum of the Druids, who fled from Roman tyranny. It was afterwards the refuge of the Monks, who established there a different religious rule, in which mind and body were bound in the same bondage of five years silence, severe fasts, obedience unto death, and this Lake became their dead sea. Here, however, was the school of the West, an ark that preserved the remains of literature from the deluge of barbarism which overspread the rest of Europe. Here, the ancient Britons took refuge from the Saxons, and the native Irish from the incursions of the Danes. On the round

And silence of the evening hour,
Hangs o'er Glendalloch's hallow'd tower;
A mighty grave-stone set by time,
That, midst these ruins, stands sublime,
To point the else forgotten heap,
Where princes, and where prelates sleep
Where Tuathal rests th' unnoted head,
And Keivin finds a softer bed,
Sods of the verdant soil that springs
Within the sepulchre of kings.

HERE, in the circling mountain's shade,
In this vast vault by nature made,
Whose tow'ring roof excludes the skies,
With savage Kyles stupendous size,
While Lugduff heaves his moory height
And giant Broccagh bars the light:
HERE, when the British spirit broke
Had fled from Nero's iron yoke,
And sought this dreary, dark abode,
To save their altars, and their God—
From cavern black with mystic gloom,
(Cradle of science, and its tomb)
Where magic had its early birth,
Which drew the sun and moon to earth—

tower of Glendalloch, was often blown the horn of war. Amidst a silent and melancholy waste, it still raises its head above the surrounding fragments, as if moralizing on the ruins of our country, and the wreck of its legislative independence. We think of Marius, when he said to the licitor, "Go, and tell that you have seen Marius sitting on the ruins of Carthage!"

From hollow'd rock and devious cell
Where mystery was foud to dwell,
And in the dark, and deep profound,
To keep th' eternal secret bound,
(Recorded by no written art,
The deep memorial of the heart)
In flowing robes of spotless white,
Th' arch-Druid issued forth to light,
Brow-bound with leaf of holy oak,
That never felt the woodman's stroke :
Like to the new discover'd moon,
Behind his head, the crescent shone ;
While flaming from his snowy vest,
The plate of judgment clasp'd his breast.
Around him, press'd th' illumin'd throng,
Above him, rose the light of song ;
And from the rocks and woods around,
Return'd the fleet-wing'd sons of sound.

"MAKER OF TIME ! we mortals wait,
" To hail thee at thy eastern gate ;
" Where these huge mountains thrown a-
side,
" Expand for thee a portal wide.
" Descend, upon this altar, plac'd,
" Amidst Glendalloch's awful waste,
" So shall the psan of thy praise
" Arise to meet thy rising rays,
" From Elephanta's sculptur'd cave,
" To Eirin of the western wave,
" And the rejoicing earth prolong
" The orbit of successive song :
" For we, by thy reflection, shine,
" Who knows our God, becomes divine.

" But ah, what dim, and dismal shade,
" Casts this strange horror o'er the glade ?
" Causes e'en hearts of brutes to quake,
" And shudders o'er the stagnant lake ?
" What demon, enemy of good,
" Rolls back on earth this night of blood ?
" What dragon of enormous size,
" Devours thee in thy native skies ?
" O save thy children from his breath,
" From chaos, and eternal death."

The Druid mark'd the destin'd hour ;
He mounted slow yon sacred tow'r :
Then stood upon its cap sublime
A hoary chronicler of time.
His head amidst the deathful gloom,
Seem'd Hope new risen from the tomb ;
And as he rais'd to heaven his hand,
That minister of high command,
The terror of the crowd repress'd,
And smooth'd their troubled wave to rest.
He spoke—and round the pillar'd stone
Deep silence drank the silver tone.

BELFAST MAG. NO. XXXII.

" He, who from elemental strife
" Spoke all these worlds to light and life,
" Who guides them thro' th' abyss above,
" In circles of celestial love,
" Has this vast panorama design'd
" A mirror of th' eternal mind.
" To view of superficial eyes,
" In broken parts, this mirror lies,
" And knowledge to these points apply'd,
" Are lucid spots of human pride.
" From beams of truth, distorted, cross'd,
" The image of our God is lost.
" Those, only those, become divine,
" The fractur'd parts who can combine.
" Nature to them, and them alone,
" Reflects from ev'ry part but one.
" Their eagle eye around them cast,
" Describes the future from the past.
" Justice will not annihilate
" What goodness did at first create.
" The mirror sully'd with the breath,
" Suffers slight change—it is not Death,
" That shadows yon bright orb of day ;
" See ! while I speak, the orient ray
" Breaks, sudden, thro' the darksome scene,
" And heav'n regains its blue serene.
" And soon the mild propitious pow'r,
" That consecrates the evening hour,
" Shall bend again her silver bow,
" Again her softer day shall throw,
" Smooth the dark brow of savage Kyle,
" And grim Glendalloch teach to smile.
" Now—Druids—hail the joyous light—
" Fear God—be bold—and do the right."

He ceas'd—their chorus sweet and strong,
Roll'd its full stream of sainted song.
" O Fountain of our sacred fire,
" To whom our kindred souls aspire,
" (Struck from the vast chaotic dark,
" As from these flints we strike the spark,)
" Thou Lord of life, and light, and joy,
" Great to preserve, but not destroy,
" On us thy favour'd offspring shine,
" Who know their God, must grow divine ;
" And when thy radiant course is done,
" Thou shadow of another sun,
" Shall fade into his brighter sky,
" And time become eternity."

But past, long past the DRUID reign ;
The CROSS o'ertopt the Pagan fane ;—
To this remote asylum flew
A Priesthood of another hue,
More like the raven than the dove,
Tho' murmuring much of faith and love.

A lazy sullen virtue slept
O'er the dull lake—around it crept,
S S

The self-tormenting anchorite,
And shunn'd th' approach of cheerful light;
Yet darkly long'd to hoard a name,
And, in the cavern, grop'd for fame.

Where nature reign'd in solemn state,
There Superstition chose her seat—
Her vot'ries knew with subtle art,
'Thro' wond'ring eyes to chain the heart,
By terrors of the scene to draw,
And tame the savage to their law;
Then seat themselves on nature's throne,
And make her mighty spell their own.
The charming sorc'ry of the place,
Gave miracle a local grace,
And from the mountain top sublime,
The genius of our changeful clime,
A sort of pleasing panic threw,
Which felt each passing phantom true.

Ev'n at a more enlighten'd hour,
We feel this visionary pow'r,
And when, the meanest of his trade,
The ragged minstrel of the glade,
With air uncouth, and visage pale,
Pours forth the legendary tale,
'The Genius from his rock-built pile,
Awful looks down, and checks our smile.
We listen—then a pleasing thrill
Creeps thro' our frame and charms our
will;
'Till fill'd with forms, phantastic, wild,
We feign, and then become the child.

We see the hooded fathers take,
Their silent circuit round the lake,
Silent, except a wailful song,
Extorted by the leathern thong.
Cronan, Cornloch, Lochaun, Dogair,
Superiors of th' obedient train,
Envelop'd in their cowls, they move,
And shun the God of light and love.
Who leads the black procession on?
St. Keivin's living skeleton;
'That travels thro' this vale of tears
Beneath the yoke of six-score years.
Sustains his steps a crozier wand,
Extended stiff one wither'd hand,
To which the blackbird flew distress'd,
And found a kind protecting nest:
'There dropt her eggs, while outstretch'd
stood
The hand—'till she had hatch'd her brood.

Hark, what a peal—sonorous, clear,
Strikes, from yon tow'r the tingling ear!
(No more of fire the worshipp'd tower,
'The holy water quench'd its power)
And now from every floor, a bell
'Tolls Father Martin's funeral knell:

Who slipt his foot on holy ground,
And plung'd into the lake profound;
Or by a load of life oppress'd,
Sought refuge in its peaceful breast.

What, did not peace delighted dwell,
A hermit of the mountain cell?

No—'twas a cage of iron rule,
Of pride and selfishness the school,
Of dark desires, and doubts profane,
And harsh repentings, late but vain.
To fast—to watch—to scourge—to praise—
The golden legend of their days:
To idolize a stick or bone
And turn the bread of life to stone;
Till marr'd and mock'd by miracles,
Great Nature from her laws rebels;
And man becomes, by monkish art,
A prodigy without a heart.
No friend sincere, no smiling wife,
The blessing and the balm of life;
And knowledge, by a forg'd decree,
Still stands an interdicted tree.

Majestic tree! that proudly waves,
Thy branching words thy letter leaves;
Whether with strength that time commands,
An oak of ages—Homer—stands;
Or Milton—high topt mountain pine,
Aspiring to the light divine;
Or laurel of perennial green—
The Shakespeare of the living scene;
Whate'er thy form, in prose sublime,
Or train'd by art, and prun'd by rhyme,
All hail—thou priest-forbidden tree!
For God *had* bless'd and made thee free.
God did the foodful blessing give,
That man might eat of it, and live;
But they who have usurp'd his throne,
To keep his paradise their own;
Have spread around a demon's breath,
And nam'd thee Upas tree of death.
Thy root is *truth*, thy stem is *power*,
And *virtue* thy consummate flow'r;
Receive the circling nations vows,
And the world's garland deck thy boughs.

From the bleak Scandinavian shore,
The DANE his raven standard bore;
It rose, amidst the whitening foam,
Whene'er the robber hated home;
And as he plough'd the wat'ry way,
The raven seem'd to scent its prey,
Stretching the gloomy om'nous wing,
For all the carnage war would bring.
'Twas *HERE* the christian savage stood,
To seal his faith in flames and blood.
The sword of midnight murder fell,
On the calm sleepers of the cell.

Flash'd thro' the trees, with horrid glare,
The flames—and poison'd all the air;
Her song, the lark began to raise,
As she had seen the solar blaze,
But smote with terrifying sound,
Forsook the death polluted ground,
And never since, this limit near,
Was heard to hymn her vigil clear.

This periodic ravage fell
How oft, our bloody annals tell,
But ah! how much of woe untold,
How many groans of young and old,
Has history, in this early age,
Sunk, in the margin of her page;
Which, at the best, but stamps a name
On vice, and misery, and shame.

Thus flow'd in flames, and blood, and
tears,
A lava of two hundred years;
And tho', *some* seeds of science seen,
Shot forth, in heart enliv'ning green,
To cloath the gaps of civil strife
And smooth a savage-temper'd life;
Yet soon new torrents, black'ning, came,
Wrapt the young growth in rolling flame,
And as it blasted, left behind
Dark desolation of the mind.

But now no more the rugged North,
Pours half its population forth,
No more that iron-girded coast,
The sheath of many a sworded host,
That rush'd abroad for bloody spoil,
Still won on hapless Erin's soil;
Where discord wav'd her flaming brand
Sure guide to this devoted land,
A land by fav'ring nature nurs'd,
By human fraud, and folly, curs'd,
Which never foreign friend shall know,
While to herself—the direst foe.
Is that a friend, who sword in hand,
Leaps pon'drous, on the yielding strand,
Full-plum'd with ANGLO-NORMAN pride,
'The base adul'tress by his side,
Pointing to Leinster's fertile plain,
Where (wretch!) he thinks once more to
reign,
Yes—thou shalt reign, and live to know
Thy own, amidst thy country's woe:
'That country's curse upon thy head,
Torments thee, living; haunts thee, dead;
And howling through the vaults of time,
E'en now proclaims, and damns thy crime:
Six cent'ries past, her curse still lives,
Nor yet forgets, nor yet forgives—
DERMON, who bade the Norman's come,
To sack and spoil his native home.
Sown by this traitor's bloody hand,

Dissention rooted in the land:
Mix'd with the seed of springing years,
Their hopeful blossoms steep'd in tears,
And late posterity can tell,
The fruitage rotted, as it fell.

Then destiny was heard to wail
While on black stone of Inisfail,
She mark'd this nation's dreadful doom,
And character'd the woes to come.
Battle, and plague, and famine plac'd
The epochs of th' historic waste,
And, crowning all the ill's of life,
Self-conquer'd by domestic strife.

Was this the scheme of mercy plan'd
In Adrien's heart, through Henry's hand,
To draw the savage from his den,
And train the Irishry to men;
To fertilize the human clay,
And turn the stubborn soil to day?
No—'twas two Englishmen who play'd
The myst'ry of their sep'rate trade.
Conquest was then, and ever since,
The real design of priest, and prince,
And while his flag the king unfurl'd,
The Father of the christian world,
Bless'd it, and hail'd the hallow'd deed,
For none but *savages* would bleed.
Yet when *these* savages began,
To turn upon the hunter, man,
Rush'd from their forests to assail
The encroaching circuit of the pale;
The cause of quarrel still was good,
The *enemy* must be subdued.
Subdued, the nation then was gor'd
By law more penal than the sword,
Till vengeance, with a tiger start,
Sprung from the covert of the heart;
Resistance took a blacker name,
The scaffold's penalty and shame,
There was the wretched *rebel* led,
Uplifted, there, the *traitor's* head.

Still there was hope th' avenging hand,
Of heav'n, would spare a hapless land,
That days of ruin, havock, spoil,
Would cease to desolate its soil;
Justice, tho' late, begin her course,
Subdued the lion law of force:
There was a hope that civil hate
No more a policy of state;
Religion, not the slave of pow'r,
Her only office to adore;
And Education, here, might stand,
The harp of Orpheus in her hand,
Of pow'r t' infuse the social charm,
With love of peace and order, warm;
The fiercer passions all repress'd,
And tam'd the tigers of the breast,

By love of country and of kind,
And magic of a master mind.

As from yon dull and stagnant lake,
The streams begin to live, and take
Their course thro' Clara's wooded vale,
Kiss'd by the health infusing gale,
Heedless of wealth their banks may hold,
They wind, neglectful of the gold;
Yet seem to hope a Shakespeare's name,
To give our *Avon* deathless fame—
So, from the savage barren heart,
The streams of science and of art,
May spread their soft refreshing green,
And vivify the moral scene.

O vanish'd hope!—O transient boast!
O COUNTRY gain'd but to be lost!
Gain'd by a nation, rais'd, inspir'd;
By eloquence and virtue fir'd;
By trans-Atlantic glory stung;
By GRATTAN's energetic tongue;
By Parliament that felt its trust;
By Britain terrify'd and just.
Lost...by thy chosen children sold,
And conquer'd not by steel, but gold.
Sold in a bargain base, absurd,
Dupe to a courtier's pledge—his word—
His purpose serv'd, then, nothing loth,
The word is broken by the oath—

The courtier skulks behind the throne,
And, sold our honour, saves his own;
Lost—by a low and servile *great*,
Who smile upon their country's fate,
Crouching to gain the public choice,
And sell it by their venal voice.
Lost—to the world, and future fame—
Remember'd only in a name,
Once, in the courts of Europe known,
To claim a self-dependent throne.
Thy ancient records torn, and tost,
Upon the waves that beat thy coast,
The mock'ry of a mongrel race,
Sordid, illiterate, and base.
To science lost—and letter'd truth,
The genius of thy native youth,
To Cam and Isis glad to roam,
Nor keep a heart nor hope for home,
Thy spark of independence dead,
And Life of Life, thy Freedom fled!

Where shall her sad remains be laid?
Where invoke her solemn shade?

HERE—be the Mausoleum plac'd—
In this vast vault, this awful waste:
Yon mould'ring pillar, 'midst the gloom,
Finger of Time! shall point her tomb,
While silence of the evening hour,
Hangs o'er GLENDALLOCH's hallow'd
tower.

FOREIGN LITERATURE.

(This article is furnished by a Gentleman in London.)

A RECENT importation of journals from France, enables us to present our readers with a brief account of what has occurred most worthy notice in the arts, sciences, and literature, on the continent up to October last. As an object of primary attention, we shall begin with Mr. Delambre's analysis of the labours of the mathematical and physical class of the French institute, during the year 1809. The account of the proceedings of the class in 1808, shewed with what success the attention of some able geometers had been turned to one of the most important problems, the stability of the planetary system: Mr. Lagrange has now pursued his investigation still farther, extending it to a sys-

tem of bodies acting on each other in any manner whatever. He has likewise simplified his formulæ considerably.

Mr. Poisson, as a continuation of his work on the variations of the elements of the planets, read a paper on the rotation of the earth: the results of his investigation are, that the rotation will always coincide very nearly with the shortest principal axes, and that the poles will always answer to the same points of the surface. Different hypotheses have been framed, in which oscillations of this axis are introduced: but Mr. P. observes, these are not confirmed by astronomical observations. If the oscillation were very small, however, it would pro-